

Hometown

(Text: Jürgen Seibold, 1994/2016)

Got no hometown in Louisiana,
got no people waiting there, knee-deep in the mud.
Got no damage done by Katrina,
no wooden house, dragged along in snatches by the flood.

Read the news and saw the specials,
caught some details and rethought.
All the victims, all the damage!
I'm stricken deeply, so I caught ...

... some grief, and lent
... some feelings, sent
... some greetings, and
... posts ... and condolence ... and in the end
... maybe some aims (alms) to calm ... myself.

But I ...
got no hometown in Louisiana,
got no people waiting there, knee-deep in the mud.
Got no damage done by Katrina,
no wooden house, dragged along in snatches by the flood.

Unleashed power, walls of bodies,
Hundreds drunken, thousands fled.
Walls are burst and cities bombed out,
here stones of green, there sands of red ... I caught ...

some grief, and lent
... some feelings, sent
... some greetings, and
... posts ... and condolence ... and in the end
... maybe some aims (alms) to calm ... myself.

But I ...
got no hometown as squared as Beroia,
got no people waiting there, shivering or smashed.
Got no childhood home that's layed in ruins,
no real cause to cry, to break, to crash.